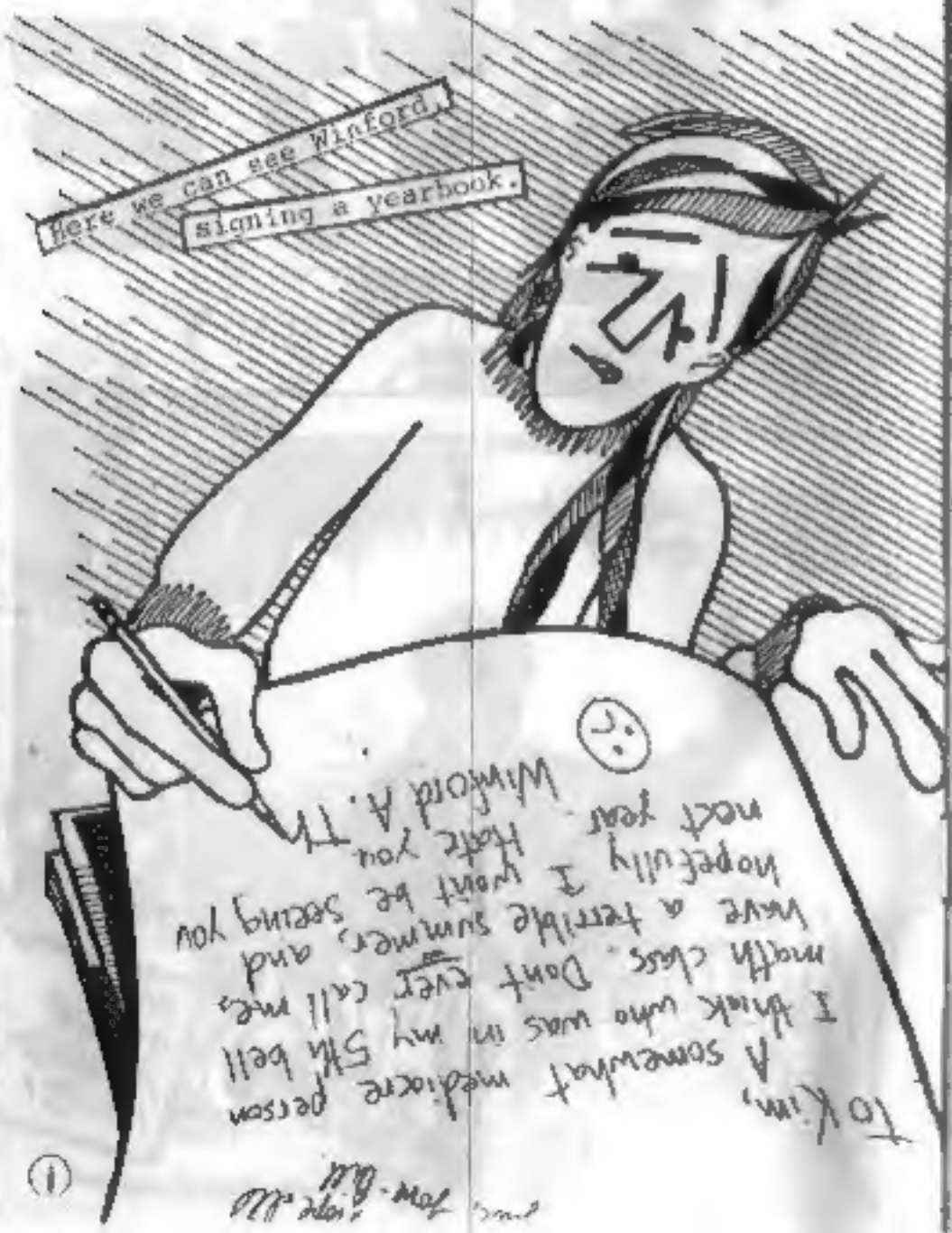
SKILL FATE

DOWNRIGHT FUN TO READ.

WINFORD THOMAS



SKATE

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ALL WORDS, GRAPHICS,
LAYOUTS BY GSD

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ON THE FRONT: John Saint, with tail skid in hand, enjoying the outdoors. Photo: Doug. Most photos last issue by Grant Brittain. I forgot to give him credit.

Wild Hairs

OVERTURE

Welcome to the area of the ridiculous, a verdant, unlined territory of chance, where lurid permanently stain the crotch of your underwear, fat men perspire profusely from the simple act of walking to the refrigerator during a 2 minute commercial break, and another pro athlete contract is held at bay.

CHAPTER ONE

Consider the wide world of advertising, or even the world in general. Anything for a tuesday morning T.V. land, filled with scenes of respect fulness. Pre-teens toddle across the screen on cut-out skateboards decked all out in red, white, and blue. Make a quick glance at the back of a random box of cereal or super super crisp, to be exact. Chances are, you're in for burly. See if YOU can come up with a decent caption for the super super bear 'rollin' two. And who could ever forget the cinematic genre of Reader's Digest that with the little old lady and a Powell-Peralta Sears issue street sock firmly in her clutches.

Light-n-crunchy, snoopy paperbacks, tony the tiger... the list of upset samples of portrayal of skateboarding in the media goes on the off. Maybe it doesn't matter, but then again, when you're out on a 2 lane rural road, raining, at 3 a.m., you've got to start wondering, you'd it does. And maybe someday, with alot of hard work and hope, we will eventually get to see a full-color likeness of Tony Hawk inverted on the front side of a really size box of wheaties. Frank will be proud.

CHAPTER TWO

An offering of random notes from a jaded Stacy Peralta, Hollywood resident. In past years, you've seen his op everything from the Flint Tribune newspaper to U.S. Charlie's Angels T.V. show to a most recent Jack Christmas commercial. Next up, you'll be using Lo Flow Steady as electronic note in motion on the popular night time program "Amazing Stories". Don't touch that dial!

1984- the year of just another skateboard boom. Golf-n-fun skatepark, Santa Barbara, Ca., re-opens its doorway only to be bulldozed 6 months later. Organized skating just doesn't seem to want to work.

Along those same lines, with the obvious rise of skate popularity comes the unavoidable (but much welcomed and fortunate) rush of new "skate tees" or "zines". Issue number ones seem to be surfacing at the rate of 2 or 3 a week as of late. Needless for you to scratch on to your fresh stack of: enclopes, whiplash, skunk, attempted control, skate feet, School Bazooka Club, LSD, etcetera...

CHAPTER THREE

We now confront you with the case of one Neil Martin Bender, 21, Orange Co. An individualist. A vertical skater. A person slowly being driven literally bad by the girder-like standards of a society whose rigid social structure, "fole or else", don't even consider looking for Neil working in an office too building 10-2 years time. Along those same lines, we firmly advise you to stay away from your local morgue as well. Opening a drawer, you might not like what you find.

Now even your T-shirt can say "Squeeze me..."
a glass of
the Trop
and us a lit
of tropi
on wor

✔ Check-off vehicles you own: ☐ Truck ☐ Off-Road ☐ RV/Van ☐ Motorcycle ☐ Volkswagen ☐ Performance/Sports Car F425

CHECK ONE: ☐ Bill me later

CHAPTER FOUR

This is solid gold, NOT NORMAN ROCKWELL. "Everyone's an artist." You are what you say. I say nothing. Pictures have already been painted of things that are both here and there. Pictures have already been painted, also, of things which are supposedly not here or there or of things which should or should not and possibly will or will not ever be. Destroy or create. Is it up to you? Destroy to create. Idea crystallized. Absorb the effects of the so-called aesthetic technique for this rather nihilistic attempt at layout. I recently went to a thrift store, picked a little old lady's flowers, stomped them to death, brought them to a desk, and laid them to rest on a sheet of plain, white paper. Drinking a cup of Coca-Cola, I spit the last mouthfull all over said piece of paper and flower remnants, providing a splash effect of what some might say "gross" proportions. Surveying a couple of squished shits onto the paper at random, I then took a spool of clear scotch tape and sealed all 3 of the aforementioned items (smashed flowers, spit Coke, and dead shits) permanently down onto the layout paper. The xerox machine was then activated. So what of the result? Art or atrocity? (Either) doesn't nothing at all?

ABOVE: A MACHINE [illegible] BY GLEN E. IGS.

CHAPTER FIVE

Objects of curiosity within the skateboard intelligentsia.

Jim Korten, a quite bizarre, if not widely hated individual, a man so obsessed with the actual slalom aspect of skating that he constantly and publicly denounces vert skating, claiming it holds a tyrant-like rule over all aspects of the mass skate-culture media, was found to be literally SPYING on one of the hirsty advanced British slalom racing peers. Keeping tabs on Brit Martin Westbury, considered by many to be the top slalomer on the earth, the estranged Korten could, at will, rattle off numerous quirky details concerning Swesbey's training, eating, and even sleeping habits, times, etc... all that weren't enough, take into consideration Jim Korten's further geek-like diversions, such as racing the Alps and bowls of the USA bar facility parallel slalom stance. Related quote: "I'm the inventor of the pool squat." -Jim Korten '84

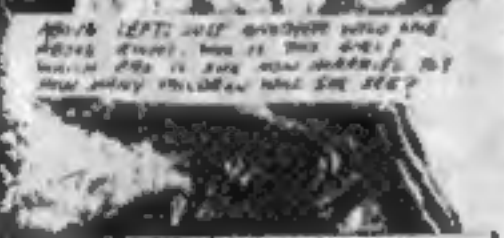
Some brown, out-time slalom racer/thrift store man, sent a ramp/tool model deck. Truly ridiculous.

Trans-world magazine comes out with a recent photo-zoo for identification reason purposes. Very figure the featured, silhouetted skater is surely a dud, wasp in fact it is no one but Boston street skater Greg Lisko.

Downhill racing, far since removed from the center ring spotlight and public acclaim, has seemingly been off in its own little corner developing itself slowly, over the past years, through the use of such decidedly odd tools/items as duct tail fairings, shark helmets, aerodynamically ground trucks, and strategically placed swaths of duct tape. What the future times hold for this most dangerous and rare aspect of skating, no one seems to be quite sure. The hills and cops, however, are waiting.

CHAPTER SIX

Place yourself 600 miles straight up. Take a long look straight down. There, if you look closely enough, you should be able to find plenty of examples of structures such as the apartment, the condo, the house, the hotel, and the camp. Interlocking these peculiar modes of livelihood you will undoubtedly find almost endless samples of the street, the lane, the highway, the road, the freeway, the alley, the foot path, and the court. Notice, now, millions of tiny moving dots of life. Automobiles, people in cars, buses, and trains. Leaving home, going to work, school, or what have you. A place of occupation or learning, or just hanging out. Office building, gas station, restaurant, jr. high school, garage, photo-mat, drug store, warehouse, cafeteria, car, people everywhere talking on and on but not saying truly much, yelling at fathers, screaming at mothers, fighting during, back stabbing, begging, worrying, fearing, hoping, dreaming, slandering, gossiping, lying, judging, wailing, cheating, fucking, killing.



Come on back down, boy, place yourself directly in the center of it all. Maybe in a pleasant park or a downtown street corner at noon. Ask yourself a question, is intellection, society, really even worth it? At all? Is the societal essence itself finally reached the point of being a pile of pure rubbish? Should I risen my day and map out my life? Should we, as thinking, feeling human beings be quick to judge or appearance alone, break or put with the hard liquor, and begin to kick some serious ass?

What should be talked about, laughed at, or cried over? Is anything even worth consideration, why is every one so serious? Anyone I join? you may ask. Or is satire surely a way of life for me?

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